

## **Midnight to Morning by Luddleston**

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**Summary:**

Hunk stays up way too late working on god knows what in an anxiety-fueled exploration into alien technology.

Lance is going to cuddle him until he stops worrying about everything. It's a great idea, and then Lance remembers he's got a crush on his best friend.

## Midnight to Morning

### Author's Note:

it is me, the benevolent spirit of fluff, coming to sprinkle adorableness over the city.

I literally don't know what I'm saying right now, I just was in a hance mood and THE MOOD CONTINUES.

also: I think I wrote a fic with no swears? Maybe? did I do that? Naw, there's gotta be a swear in there somewhere.

Lance poked his head into one of the random side rooms in the castle at way-too-late-o'clock one night, feeling personally vindicated because he'd *told* everybody he could find Hunk and make him go to bed. Well, he'd completed the first part, but Hunk was definitely awake, sitting cross-legged on the floor with his back to Lance, elbow-deep in some unidentifiable piece of alien machinery, mumbling at it too quietly for Lance to hear. He didn't need to hear to know that Hunk was cursing the thing he was working on for not functioning, anyway.

"Hey, man," Lance said, stepping into the room and pulling his space-bathrobe tighter around himself. "It's late."

"Yeah, I know what time it is, Lance," Hunk said, sounding exasperated, and there was no way to tell if he was annoyed with his work or with Lance. Or both. It was probably both.

"Soooo, you should go to bed," Lance said, leaning against the desk that Hunk was not sitting at, probably because the thing he was working on was too big to fit on it. It was the size of a car engine but looked nothing like one.

Hunk sighed, dropping the not-wrench he was holding. It fell onto the dropcloth beneath him, so it didn't clatter, but Lance jumped anyway. "Listen, dude, if I go to bed now, I'm still just gonna stay awake," Hunk

said, "and then I'll just worry about stuff until—well, not until the sun comes up, but you get the idea. Better off just distracting myself, honestly."

"Okay, but then you're gonna be all sleepy during training tomorrow, and I'm pretty sure we're doing the invisible maze again, and like. Accidentally walking into an electrified wall because you were too tired to pay attention to the directions isn't a great way to wake yourself up."

"You'd know," Hunk agreed.

"I would!" Lance said, "which is exactly why we're going right to sleep, right now. C'mon." He reached down and tugged on Hunk's arm, unable to pull him to his feet without Hunk's cooperation because Hunk's biceps alone were like three times the size of Lance's noodle arms. "Dude, help me out, here."

Hunk laughed, which Lance counted as a win even if it was at his own expense, and he got to his feet, brushing off his gloved hands. "Alright, fine. But. You're sleeping over, because it's weird enough trying to fall asleep on a spaceship, without having to adjust to falling asleep without your roommate."

"You want me to bring Pidge, too?" Lance joked. "It'll be like old times, the two of us sleeping like normal people, and Pidge buried under like four blankets." He threw an arm around Hunk's shoulders as they walked, heading for the hallway all of their bedrooms were in. "Although, I dunno if Pidge would be allowed to room with us, I mean, she's a girl."

"I really doubt that matters anymore," Hunk said. "Plus, it was stupid of the Garrison to split things up by gender, anyway."

"Yeah, it would've been awesome if we got assigned to a room with cute girls." It was sort of the default response for him. Hunk could probably tell he was joking. Right?

"Okay, no, it wasn't stupid, I'm glad they only put you in a room with dudes," he said, shrugging Lance off once they got to his door, because the two of them shoulder-to-shoulder wouldn't really fit.

"Well." Lance paused, thinking. "I mean, dudes are also. Uh, also good."

"I don't even wanna know what's going on in your head right now," Hunk said, untying his headband and rubbing at the pressure mark it left on his forehead. He gathered up his pajamas from one of the dresser drawers that just popped out of the wall like magic or like they were set into the wall and headed for the bathroom, flicking on the light inside and closing the door behind him, so the edge of the doorframe bled white.

Lance chilled on Hunk's bed for a bit while Hunk put his pajamas on, curling up in the pillows and blankets. Pretty much all the humans had piled blankets and pillows on their beds, because the castle got cold at night, and apparently, Alteans could regulate their body temperature better. Hunk's were all yellow to match his lion, but they looked sort of greenish in the pale blue light that would stay on all night, because Hunk never turned it off.

The bathroom door opened again, spilling light over the bed for just a second before Hunk turned the light off and closed it. "You look comfy," he remarked as he came back into the bedroom, his hair a little wet and slicked away from his face.

"Yup," Lance said, "'bout to pass right out."

"Well, scoot over. I have to fit on there, too, and I'm not Lance-sized," Hunk said, laughing when Lance rolled over too fast and bumped into the wall. "Not that far over, man."

Lance settled in against Hunk's side, one arm thrown over his chest, his face buried in Hunk's shoulder. "Missed this," he said, his voice muffled into Hunk's shirt. It felt like ages since the two of them had regularly crashed on the couches in the Garrison study lounge after late nights cramming for exams, Lance curled up on top of Hunk, only woken by Pidge coming in to yell that they'd slept past their alarm.

"Me too," Hunk said, and he was quiet for a long time but Lance knew he was still awake. He wasn't breathing slow enough to be asleep yet, and he

wasn't making those rumbling noises he usually did, like less-annoying snoring.

"We should've done this sooner," Lance said. "I mean, it's not like I sleep well, either." Most days, he felt like he just couldn't get his brain to turn off, like there was too much happening for him to comprehend, so he had to think about all of it, all the time.

"Yeah." Another long stretch of silence. One of Hunk's warm arms was around Lance, and even though he felt more at ease than he had in awhile, he didn't want to sleep. He'd rather stay awake and experience this for a little longer, so that next time he was having trouble falling asleep, he could just imagine himself here again. Or he could just wander into Hunk's room. Lance was starting to think he wouldn't mind. "Hey, what did you mean about the 'dudes are also good' thing?"

"What?" Lance asked, working his way back through their conversation. "Oh, that. Just, like. If I met a guy I really connected with, I'd, y'know. I'd date him, or whatever. Not like it'd happen, but."

"Why wouldn't that happen?"

"I dunno," he said, fingers tangling in Hunk's sleeve and fidgeting with the fabric. "I've probably got super high expectations, you know, because you're like, the most awesome guy ever, and I mean, if there was one dude I'd wanna hang out with all the time, it'd be you. Obviously."

"That's different," Hunk said, lifting his hand from Lance's back to his shoulder, shifting around until he could see Lance's face as they spoke. "I'm talking like, romantically."

"Yeah, and I'm saying you'd also be the best boyfriend ever, so. Yeah. Plus, we're like, ninety percent dating already."

Hunk laughed, but it was more nervous than anything. "Lance, I don't think that's... exactly... I dunno."

"No, I'm serious!" Lance said, "what, you think I go around cuddling every dude in the galaxy—nah, man, I only do that with people I like." His words hung in midair and his mouth hung open as he thought about their implications. This may not be the best time for this conversation. Especially since Lance had only gone through this mental *oh wait, dudes are hot too, oh wait, shit, my best friend is amazing and gorgeous and why can't I just date him?* thingy a couple days ago. Whatever. He plowed on through, as he was wont to. "People I *really* like."

"But you don't—I mean—*me, really?*"

"Is that bad?" Lance asked, retracting his arm from around Hunk.

"What? No! Honestly, I've—no, that'd make you get mad."

"What would make me get mad?" Lance asked, rolling nearly on top of him, so that his chin was digging into Hunk's chest.

"Ow. Who decided your face could be that pointy?" Hunk tumbled him back over easily. "Listen. I've been into you for like, a while, but I just figured it'd never happen, because you're always going on about girls or whatever, and so I just kinda... I kinda took those feelings and put them in a box into the part of my brain that's closest to an attic. Never to be unboxed again."

"Well, open that stupid feeling-box back up!" Lance screeched, sitting bolt-upright. "Roll it back to the part where you're into me!"

"I mean? I just am, there's just. There's something here, isn't there?" He sat up, and he was leaning in, and his expression was impossibly soft, eyes searching Lance's as though he'd find the answer there before Lance spit it out.

"Of course there's something here," Lance said, swaying closer to him, hands on his shoulders, because physical contact needed to be a thing again. "I just always thought... I mean, you're so smart and like, competent and stuff, I didn't think you'd be, I dunno, I didn't think you'd be into me. I thought if I tried—well, I figured I'd just get turned down." He laughed, but

it came out choked, because his throat was tight in the kind of way that made him worry he was going to start crying. "God, this just got way too intense way too fast."

"Hey, no, of course I like you," Hunk said. "God. We're so dumb. I should've asked you out ages ago."

"Well, I'm not really sure how you ask out somebody you're ninety percent dating, anyway."

"How 'bout this: you want to make that one hundred percent dating?" Hunk asked, smiling wide enough to show his dimples. He was so cute and Lance was doomed. Although, being doomed to liking a cute boy who liked him back didn't seem like a bad thing.

"Okay, yeah, absolutely, how do we do that?" He scooted in a little closer, until he was practically in Hunk's lap.

"Hmm. I think, mathematically speaking, uh. You should kiss me?"

Oh, right, that was a thing. "Yes, um, I definitely want to do that, but I kinda gotta warn you that maybe I might not know what I'm doing because there may have been a slight exaggeration in what I said me and that girl from back home that one time did, and so I—"

"Relax. I know you haven't kissed anybody." Hunk shrugged. "And it's not like I'm gonna know the difference anyway—"

Lance tried to cut him off mid-sentence by kissing him, but Hunk was still talking and so it really didn't turn out quite right, but he also definitely stopped talking, so that was a plus? Maybe?

"Okay, how 'bout I close my mouth this time, and you try that again?"

"Yeah, let's do that."

This time, it was better, but Lance was pretty sure it was mostly better because Hunk was hugging him and that always made things better by default. It didn't last long, mostly because both of them couldn't figure out

what to do after a few seconds, and Lance found it difficult to wrap himself around Hunk like a koala and also kiss him at the same time. He went for the hug instead, burying his face in Hunk's shirt and yelling a little, because the only other way to blow off all that excitement was to run around the castle waking everybody up.

"Is that a good freak-out or a bad freak-out?" Hunk asked, loosening his hold on Lance a bit.

"A good one, obviously!" Lance said, his voice still a little muffled, because he refused to move. "I have the best boyfriend ever!"

"Oh. Well, I dunno about *that*."

"Best. Boyfriend. Ever."

"No, dude, I'm pretty sure I actually have the best boyfriend ever? Look at the facts?"

"Oh my god, shut up," Lance said, shoving at him and only succeeding in making Hunk retaliate by tackling him flat onto the bed. Lance yanked him in again and kissed him on the corner of his mouth.

By the time they settled down, Lance was pretty sure it was closer to morning than evening. He was laying spread out on top of Hunk, his face turned to the side to avoid jabbing him with his chin, and as the two of them slowly fell asleep, Lance whispered *hey* just loud enough to catch Hunk's attention if he was still awake.

"Yeah?"

"Are you okay if I tell everybody tomorrow morning at breakfast? Because I wanna tell everybody all the time," he said.

"I mean, yeah," Hunk said, "but that's not gonna happen."

"How come?"



"You always oversleep," he pointed out, "I'll wake up before you, so I'm gonna tell everybody tomorrow morning at breakfast, duh."

"Oh. Okay, but only if you tell everybody I was really cute about it."

"Yeah, I will, I'm not gonna *lie* and say you weren't the cutest."

"You're the cutest."

"Oh my god, we are not doing this again."

**Author's Note:**

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